THE TRIUMPHS OF BRITANNIA.

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THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

BRITANNIA.

A POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

GEORGE ROBERT FITZGERALD, ESQ.

Ye paſteboard heroes of the *tragic* field,
Contempt your doom, and Cowardice your ſhield!
View this example, great FITZGERALD ſee!
Old HONOUR'S ſon begot on PROBITY.

Vide the POEM.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND SOLD BY RICHARD SNAGG, N° 29, PATER-NOSTER ROW.
MDCCLXXIII.

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THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

BRITANNIA.

REJOICE BRITANNIA! wave thy banners high:
Point thy loud thunders to the vaulted ſky:
Diſplay thy laurels; bid thy treſſes ſhine;
Unfurl thy ſails, and decorate thy ſhrine.
'Tis thine to give the jarring nations peace;
To bid the flames of civil diſcord ceaſe;

To hurl defiance to the diſtant pole,
And wield the rod that rules the mighty whole.
Thy warlike ſons demand thy radiant ſmiles,
The juſt reward of their AMAZING TOILS.
Thy num'rous fleets the wond'ring millions ſee,
Croud their vaſt canvaſs to attack the SEA.
Involv'd in ſmoke thy harmleſs cannons roar,
And terrify the idle fools on ſhore.
See! humbly proſtrate at thy royal feet,
The valiant leaders of thy armies meet;
Leaders unmatch'd! who wond'rous to relate!
As if to croſs the fix'd decrees of fate:
Arm'd with reſentment, dar'd the field explore,
And riſk their perſons, never riſk'd before!
Rejoice BRITANNIA! lift thy head on high!
Wide o'er the globe thy purple ſtreamers fly.

Rejoice BRITANNIA! boundleſs be thy name!
Earth, ocean, air, conſpire to ſwell thy fame!

FAME, lift thy trumpet, elevate thy pow'rs,
Diſtend thy throat, and ſhake the Gallic tow'rs.
Tell the proud rivals of our happy ſtate,
How weak their efforts; how abſurd their hate:
How Peace, how Concord ſpreads each virgin plume;
And mad Ambition's chain'd to Folly's tomb.
How Wiſdom guides the ſcepter of the land;
And Mercy goes with Judgment hand in hand.
Then ſwell'd with rapture of BRITANNIA'S name,
The martial ardour of her ſons proclaim;
How bold her heroes, ſenators how ſage,
Her peers the wonder of a wond'ring age:

How mild her laws, her judges how upright,
Her taxes uſeful, and her burthens light:
How o'er her lands, which foſter'd Arts adorn,
Diffuſive Plenty pours her ample horn:
That GEORGE and VIRTUE fill a throne like THIS,
And their whole reign one envied ſcene of bliſs!
Rejoice BRITANNIA! lift thy head on high!
Wide o'er the globe thy purple ſtreamers fly;
Rejoice BRITANNIA! boundleſs be thy name!
Earth, ocean, air, conſpire to ſwell thy fame.

Ye virtuous nobles, ye ſelected few,
Whom Honor ſways, and Worth calls forth to view;
Whom Merit ranks among her choiceſt friends,
Whoſe ev'ry deed to future glory tends.

Ye who the thorny paths of Science tread,
Imbibing learning from its fountain-head:
Forgive the Muſe, who waring in the cauſe
Of Reaſon, Virtue, Liberty and Laws,
Forgive the Muſe, if in her artleſs lays,
She hurts the honeſt breaſt ſhe fain would praiſe:
She the plain path of Candour would purſue,
Nor hides the palm when Juſtice ſays 'tis due.

Curſt be the verſe, however fraught with gain,
That gives to Innocence a moment's pain!
That would mean Vice and Virtue reconcile,
Or to a Fox's name would join CARLISLE.
O doubly curſt, he who with treach'rous art
Winds himſelf round a weak ingenuous heart;

Who by a face in ſpecious Falſhood dreſt,
Obtains each ſecret from a gen'rous breaſt;
And then by means, black as his culprit ſoul,
Betrays his friend by publiſhing the whole.
In Cenſure's ocean turns his little bark,
And baſely ſtabs him proſtrate in the dark.—
O for a curſe to blaſt the coward wretch,
That to the diſtant poles of earth may ſtretch;
May pierce the center of the deepeſt cell,
And change the heaven of ev'ry thought to hell.
O may it double poignancy aſſume,
When young-eyed Mirth ſits hov'ring in her bloom;
When his falſe heart exhilerates with joy,
And new-born raptures all his thoughts employ;
Then may it ſeize him with redoubled force,
Impede the paſſage of Contentment's courſe,

Prove

Prove to his ſoul, Duration's ample curſe,
And fit his mind t' experience ſomething worſe!

Is there a peer who would ſo low deſcend,
To wound the boſom of a faithful friend?
Is there a peer, who, ſcandal to his tribe!
Can fawn, cringe, flatter, ſhuffle, trick and bribe?
Who, PROTEUS like, can change his wav'ring ſhape,
Now ſtrut a monarch, and now trip an ape?
Is there a peer ſo chain'd to Folly's wheel,
Deaf to the voice of Reaſon's ſtrong appeal;
Who to the ſweets of ſoft Reflection loſt;
In the rough ſea of head-ſtrong Paſſion toſt;
Could ſee Deſtruction point her ſilver fire,
And in one general ruin, worlds expire.

See injur'd Virtue hurried to her grave,
Nor drop one tear, nor lend a hand to save?
Bid him ſtand forth, 'tis Truth directs the ſteel!
From her tribunal there is no appeal;
No ſhuffling there, no quirks her laws debaſe,
She plucks the vizor from the villain's face;
Rubs the falſe gloſs from pow'rful Error's eyes,
And ſhews, unmaſk'd, her vile deformities:
Diſſimulation flies before her nod,
And trembling atheiſts invocate their God.

Is there a Lord ſo groſly dead to ſhame,
So loſt to Goodneſs, ſo eſtrang'd to Fame,
Who on his neighbour's houſe would ſtamp diſgrace,
And ſtain the luſtre of a noble race:

Then meanly glory in his boaſted crimes,
The modern TARQUIN of theſe *ſpotleſs times*?
Candour attend, the faithful portrait ſee,
Can there be ſuch a one? and S**D***H he!

Is there a Lord—forbid it honeſt Pride!
Forbid it Juſtice, real Grandeur's guide!
Is there, who can alone on BIRTH aſpire,
Yet wrong the poor mechanic of his hire?
Whoſe narrow ſoul no great idea knows,
The little ſource from whence all meanneſs flows;
Who to inſult his noble father's duſt,
Can lye, deceive—be every thing but JUST.
A diſtant patron, and a faithleſs friend,
The jeſt of parties, conſtant to no end:

A blank hiatus in the book of fate,
A mere, mere cypher, blundering in the ſtate?
Candour again the black reſemblance ſee,
Boldly ſtep forth, and ſay—is P——— he?

Is there a Lord, who greatneſs thrown aſide,
Greatneſs, that ſhould o'er ev'ry deed preſide:
Who leagu'd with men, the ſcandal of the earth,
Can forfeit each rare attribute of birth?
Men, whom great Jove from heav'n's protection hurl'd,
The recreant reptiles of th' immoral world!
Is there a Lord ſo careleſs of his fame,
So deeply enter'd in the liſts of Shame;
Who 'midſt ſuch plagues can ſacrifice his nights,
Where dire Deſtruction ſpreads her ſnares at WHITES'.
Who ventures Peace and Fortune at a caſt,
Whilſt coy Contentment baniſh'd ſtands aghaſt?

Candour once more this ſtain to peerage ſee!
If there is ſuch a one, is ST*N*Y he?

When in the bounds of Boſworth's ſanguine field
Thy great foreſather rear'd his maſſy ſhield;
When Uſurpation trembled at his ſword,
And genuine Freedom breath'd in every word.
Ere modern Taſte ſo far had conquer'd Senſe,
Or modiſh Art ſubdued Benevolence.
Ere damn'd Refinement's ſacrilegious hand,
Had torn the type of worſhip from the land;
When Truth and Juſtice fir'd each patriot breaſt,
Nor BRITISH HONOUR was become a JEST?
Think'ſt thou, when with the travail of his brow,
He earn'd thoſe honours thou but ſullieſt now:

Think'ſt thou, had Fancy's mirror ſtruck his ſight,
And brought thy too degenerate deeds to light;
Had ſhewn thee curſt to ſuch a vicious race,
Whoſe very breath contaminates the place:
How would his manly heart with grief have died
T'have ſeen this fatal barrier to his pride?
T'have ſeen the laurels he ſo nobly won,
Stain'd by the follies of a DERBY's ſon?

Suppoſe thoſe ſums thy laviſh moments waſte,
On needy Sharpers and eccentric Taſte,
Where better ſpent to ſoothe the voice of Woe,
To bid the ſtream of gentle Pleaſure flow;
To baniſh ſick'ning Grief for harmleſs Mirth,
And eaſe the ſorrows of ingenious Worth?

Each

Each grateful heart would labour in thy praiſe!
And hand thy hiſtory down to future days;
Poſterity would ratify thy fame,
And proudly hail another S****y's name!

Hold, cries Sir SAPIENCE, Prejudice apart,
Let Juſtice dictate to the feeling heart.
For PARTY's biaſs let Sedition fight,
And toil at that which never can be bright.
Let honeſt Freedom in thy boſom ſhine,
Inſpire thy verſe and glow along the line.
FREEDOM the ſemblance of her native heav'n,
The beſt GRAND CHARTER to us BRITONS giv'n;
But let not Spleen on cynic wing prevail,
Nor partial Cenſure ſway th' uplifted ſcale;

Through Medium's eyes the colour'd canvaſs view,
And as the ſhades, the contraſt lights purſue.

Some have, I grant, their lot of fame to ſeek,
LORDS are but MEN, and Nature, ſir, is weak.
What tho' ſome BRANCHES are defective found,
Shall I condemn the BODY as unſound?
Shall one dark veil of gloom o'er ſhadow ALL;
When SCOTUS ſuffers, ſay, ſhall CHATHAM fall?
Forbid it Reaſon!—elſe with equal hand,
Virtue and Vice muſt in conjunction ſtand.

There are, whom BRITAIN prides to call her own,
Whoſe real worth adds luſtre to the throne:
Who to that grace which ſhames the feint of art,
Join to an able head an honeſt heart.

Learning

Learning, encourag'd, ſmiles beneath their hand,
And joyful Science ornaments the land;
Reviving Arts aloud their worth proclaim,
And grateful Genius ſpreads the blaſt of Fame.
In the warm figh ſweet Sympathy ſhall give,
To future ages ſhall their mem'ry live:
There treaſur'd ſacred ſhall their actions reſt,
While Gratitude can warm an Engliſh breaſt.
Millions unborn their virtues ſhall relate—
Hear this and bluſh, ye little tools of ſtate!
Rejoice BRITANNIA! lift thy head on high!
Wide o'er the globe thy purple ſtreamers fly;
Thy *faultleſs* Nobles—(would Detraction ceaſe)
Veil the diminiſh'd page of Rome and Greece.
Rejoice BRITANNIA! boundleſs be thy name!
Earth, ocean, air, conſpire to ſwell thy fame!

ILLUS-

Illustrious Bavius, critic, author, clerk,
Born like a mole to blunder in the dark!
What tho' thoſe works thy learned labours boaſt,
Outſleep the ſlumbers of the Morning Post;
Tho' burrough ſtalls groan with their pond'rous load,
And chandler's ſhops diſperſe thy fame abroad.
What could induce thee at ſo ill a time,
To leave the harmleſs walk of harmleſs rhime?
Say, ſon of Dulneſs! mighty Bavius ſay!
Why didſt thou leave the plain, the beaten way;
To tread a path almoſt untrod till now,
And ſnatch the envied wreath from Broughton's brow?
Think'ſt thou, with bluſhleſs vacancy of face,
To thump the cuſhion with a Terrick's grace.
To ſneer like Pe***e, that thing of lead and cork,
Or in his ſtall outſnore my Lord of Y***?

O im-

O impious madneſs, prone to ev'ry ill,
That can confound or circumvent the will!
Eaſy the labours of a modern Bard,
Dullneſs his friend, and Poverty his guard.
His flow of thought no juſt gradation knows,
In Spring it freezes, and in Winter glows:
His only taſk to copy with ſucceſs,
And cloath old maxims in a modern dreſs:
Genius and Taſte to him are terms unknown,
And Nature what no man of SENSE would own.—
Why need I now revive th'attrocious deed,
How HAWKESWORTH once compil'd what none could read;
How he, *poor* man! ſmit with the love of PENCE,
Burſt thro' the bounds of Truth and Common Senſe:
With nautic terms ſo often miſapply'd,
Perplex'd our thoughts, and fed his pedant pride,

Well may he laugh at rankling Envy's frown,
For ſure no PROVIDENCE excels his own!
Peace to his ſoul, if Peace can wave her creſt,
In the dark chambers of a critic's breaſt.
Peace to his ſoul, if gentle Peace can find
A place unclaim'd by Av'rice in his mind.
His poor attempt, let partial Mem'ry blot,
And be his labours with his name forgot!

Ill-fated BAVIUS, by Miſconduct led,
To grace the page of Dulneſs and the dead.
Could not thy worthleſs nothingneſs of rhime,
Unnotic'd, float along the ſtream of time;
Serenely glide in one trite ſing-ſong ſtrain,
To purge the humours of thy drowſy brain?

Or didſt thou think in this degenerate age,
'Twere beſt to deal thy morals from the ſtage,
To have thy wit in HARTLEY's talents plac'd,
That killing proof of COLMAN's matchleſs taſte?
JUDICIOUS COLMAN, thy impartial friend,
With whom thy fame began, with whom will end.
For lo thy fate by Fancy's aid I ſee,
'Midſt the events of dark Futurity:
I ſee thee, trembling, meet the Critic's ſneer;
The grating hiſs of public Cenſure hear:
View thee attack th'unconſcious walls for ſpite,
Lampoon the Town, and execrate the light.
For know, great BAVIUS, maugre thy ſurpriſe,
Thy play muſt fall—ah, never more to riſe!
What could provoke thee, ſinner that thou art,
T'attempt the finer paſſions of the heart?

Did

Did public good inſpire thy daring ſoul?
Was that the myſtic ſpring that mov'd the whole?
She, the ſweet offspring of the bluſhing ſkies,
The ſpecious prop on which ſtate ſcoundrels riſe,
The prime ſupport on which coloſſian pride,
Stands up exulting to be deified.

Hail Public Spirit! hail celeſtial dame!
Thou guide unerring to the court of Fame,
Smit with thy worth—intrinſically good,
Divines turn Bruiſers and delight in blood.
With ſuch STRONG ARGUMENTS their theme purſue,
Would FELL a Turk or OVERTHROW a Jew.

Deceitful men politically blind,
To tear the veil of reaſon from the mind;

In

In bigot chains t'enſlave the free-born ſoul—
Nor leave at large an atom of the whole!
Where are your precepts? lo the mine is ſprung,
Hark Peace and Concord flow from every tongue.
Where's your example? look and you will ſwear
They all do honour to great BROUGHTON's care.
Rejoice BRITANNIA! lift thy head on high!
Wide o'er the globe thy purple ſtreamers fly!
For as the Sun directs his heav'nly light,
Thy matchleſs ELDERS ſhall inſtruct and fight:
Arm'd for the truth, ſhall lay the CASSOCK down,
And *drub* Conviction in the ſceptic town.
Rejoice BRITANNIA! boundleſs be thy name!
Earth, ocean, air conſpire to ſwell thy fame!

Stand forth, FITZGERALD, 'tis a nation ſues,
A generous nation, and a grateful muſe.
Hark! my FITZGERALD, Valour calls thee forth,
To take the palm of thy immortal worth:
Her mural crown ſhe proffers to beſtow;
She wreaths the chaplet for thy conſcious brow;
She courts thy feet, where hoſtile banners wave;
And would thy ſoul ſtill greater honours crave?
She leads where Glory points the path to Fame,
And ſanguine Slaughter labours for a name.

On t'other ſide, ſee Peace obſequious bend,
And to thy graſp her olive-rod extend.
Celeſtial joys beam from her radiant eyes,
Mild as th'effulgence of Parnaſſian ſkies.

With

With flow'ry feet ſhe ſkims ſoft Pleaſure's maze,
She holds the clue that leads to halcyon days;
See, ſhe invites thy yet uncertain tread,
She plucks the myſtic laurel for thy head;
She bids thee ſheath thy life-deſtroying ſteel,
That fatal ſword which PIGS ſo often feel,
When midnight Riot waves her ebon rod,
Mad from the orgies of the roſy god.

PRODIGIOUS Man! to whom with ſuppliant brow,
Two rival Goddeſſes ſubmiſſive bow!
Both to thy heart an equal honour claim,
The one with Pleaſure and the one with Fame.
Yet thou, to blaſt their intereſted ſchemes,
Mov'ſt in the center of the two extremes:

For ſhould BRITANNIA pour her legions forth,
To quell the tumults of the bleeding North;
Should ſhe at laſt, in all her fire ariſe,
The flaſh of vengeance darting from her eyes;
Then would thy mighty ſoul retrench it's ſtate,
And humbly ſink beneath the reach of Fate;
Securely ſeek a peaceful harbour there,
Meek as the lifeleſs king in BERKLEY-SQUARE.

But ſtill unmov'd, ſhould Britain's genius reſt,
Deaf to the wrongs that pierce each feeling breaſt.
Still ſhould the poppies bind her thoughtleſs brain,
Till too, too late ſhe wakes to double pain;
Then, my FITZGERALD, ſhall thy genius ſhine,
Then ſhall the trophies of the war be thine;

Each harmleſs Waiter ſhall thy courage prove,
Each feeble Watchman thy reſentment move;
From Covent Garden ſhall thy fame rebound,
Whilſt ſhiver'd lamps return a ſilver ſound.

Theſe! theſe! my hero ſhall avouch thy deeds,
The orbit this which ev'ry track exceeds:
Unrival'd here thy valour ſhall remain,
While George and Folly hold their partial reign.
Go on, 'tis thine to ſwell the moral page,
To live the pattern of the wond'ring age;
Admiring beaux thy parts ſhall celebrate,
And envy that, they dare not imitate,
While mighty nobles ſhall applaud thy fame,
And tender virgins languiſh at thy name.

Ye paſteboard heroes of the *tragic* field,
Contempt your doom, and Cowardice your ſhield.
Ye modern Bobadils! ye mothy things!
Who flutter but to ſhew your mealy wings.
View this example, great FITZGERALD ſee,
Old HONOUR's ſon, begot on PROBITY:
No daſtard vice obſcures his bright renown,
Valour's his God, and valour all his own;
He trains no SERVANT to eſpouſe his part,
The ſuccedaneum of a coward heart,
Ne'er CLOATHS a ſlave to fight his battles o'er,
While he himſelf ſtands TREMBLING at the door;
Ne'er meanly ſeeks to raviſh Merit's crown,
Nor plumes himſelf on actions not his own.

One

One fault indeed he had, one venial fault,
A trivial error Inexperience brought;
When Courage baniſh'd Reaſon from her throne
And innate Ardour reign'd ſecure alone,
When fierce Impatience urg'd him to the fight,
And injur'd Honour bade him ſeek her right;
Then 'bove Controulments' too reſtricting bands,
He ſeiz'd his weapons with his deſp'rate hands;
Diſtain'd with blood his fatal eyes did roll,
And furious madneſs *fir'd* his panting ſoul:
Say could ſuch matchleſs valour brook reſtraint?
At ſuch a time could PRUDENCE act the ſaint?
Abſurd the thought!—as well may human ſkill
Correct the ſeas and bid the winds be ſtill.—
Hard is the taſk, when in her full career
Envenom'd Paſſion, tinctur'd by Deſpair,

Impetu-

Impetuous drives her fiery courſers on,
Wild as the motion of a PHÆTON:
Impervious to the voice that council tends,
That ſtill, ſmall voice which ſage Reflection ſends;
She blocks the heated channels of the mind,
And martyrs Patience to th' obdurate wind.
Impel'd by Paſſion, Fear's myſterious ſon,
Matchleſs FITZGERALD reckon'd TWO FOR ONE!
And hence, deſtructive of the common foe,
Great G*N**L ſchem'd the grand deciſive blow;
When barb'rous CATCH-POLES fought with *legal* ſtrife,
To *touch* his HONOUR dearer than his life!

Ungrateful Men! was this the recompence,
For all the blood he loſt in your defence?

Could

Could Gratitude no other method find,
To retribute this mirror of mankind?
O had he finiſh'd what his fury plann'd,
And your baſe lives been forfeit to his hand:
Then had the world beheld a glorious fight,
GREAT POWER triumphant over LITTLE RIGHT!
Perhaps to vulgar minds it may appear,
The black reſource of diſingenuous fear:
That known premeditation oft implies,
The ſoul of cool deliberate villainies.
Curſe on ſuch narrow notions form'd by ſpleen,
To blaſt the glowing colours of the ſcene!
What tho' unarm'd the miſcreant Bailiffs ſtood,
Nor furious ire inflam'd their temperate blood,

Tho' hoary Juſtice pleaded in their cauſe,
And ſternly bade them execute her laws.
What! ſhall plebeian ſcoundrels of the earth
Dare to contend with men of RANK and BIRTH?
What's Law to them? what's Juſtice but a jeſt?
'Tis HONOUR, HONOUR rules each martial breaſt.
Tho' countleſs millions had receiv'd their doom,
Snatch'd from the world to darkneſs in their bloom;
What are their lives when balanc'd in the ſcale,
Where pond'rous GRANDEUR ever muſt prevail?

Rejoice BRITANNIA! lift thy head on high!
Wide o'er the globe thy purple ſtreamers fly;
Sprung like another VENUS from the main,
Theſe are the TRIUMPHS of thy growing reign!

'Tis men like theſe that vindicate thy worth,
Alike the *pride* and *envy* of the earth.
Rejoice BRITANNIA! boundleſs be thy name!
Earth, ocean, air, conſpire to ſwell thy fame!

11:7:49

FINIS.

(25)

'Tis even like thee thus vindicate thy worth,
Alike the weak and envy of the earth.
Rejoice Britannia! bounded by thy name!
Earth, ocean, air, conspire to swell thy fame!